

The Frances Shimer Record

April, 1923



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGOdollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefore, withinmonths after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

. . . .

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, Dean and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds

THE MIRROR-DEMOCRAT PRINT, MT. CARROLL, ILL.



The Frances Shimer Record

PUBLISHED BY
THE FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL IN APRIL, JUNE, OCTOBER, DECEMBER, FEBRUARY
ONE DOLLAR [15] PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

VOLUME XV	Mount Carroll, Illinois, April 1923	NUMBER 1
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Entered October 1, 1911, at Mt. Carroll, Ill., as second-class matter, under Act of July 16, 1894

In Memoriam

Hattie Parker McKee

Hattie Parker McKee, the daughter of James and Eliza Parker, was born on April 16, 1840, near Springfield, Ohio. She was the sixth in a family of seven children of whom she was the last surviving member. About 1850 she moved with her parents to Indianola, Illinois, where she grew to womanhood. She was educated in the common schools of the community and later spent a short time in a private school for girls at Albion, Michigan. On July 23, 1861, she was united in marriage to Rev. Melvin McKee, the pastor of the local Baptist Church. One child was born to them. Failing health compelled the young husband to give up his ministry, and after a lingering illness he died on June 12, 1868. From henceforth the care and training of her son became the chief purpose of her life and to the task she gave herself with self sacrificing devotion. When he was ready for college she established a home in Crawfordsville, Indiana, the seat of Wabash College, the Alma Mater of her husband. Here she continued to reside until 1887, when her son, at the completion of his course in Morgan Park Theological, became the Pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church in Minneapolis. She entered with renewed zeal and interest into his work in the church, serving for years as a teacher in the Sunday School, and as officer in various church societies. In 1897 she removed to Mt. Carroll when her son became the Dean of Frances Shimer School. With unfailing interest she shared his hopes and ambitions for the School and cooperated in every possible way in realization of his plans for the institution. Mrs. McKee died at her home in Mount Carroll on February 21, 1923. She is survived by her son, William Parker McKee, by two grandchildren Howard Harper McKee of New York City, and Margaret McKee Damon of Springfield, Massachusetts, and two great grandchildren, John Parker McKee and Martha Hughes McKee. At the funeral services held in West Hall, Frances Shimer School on February 23, Rev. George C. Fetter of Ottawa, Illinois, her former pastor, spoke in part as follows: "It is very fitting that we should gather to pay our last tribute to one who placed the supreme emphasis of her life upon spiritual things. Madam McKee trusted in those things that cannot be shaken. She dwelt in a house not made with hands eternal in the Heavens. She was first of all a great mother, deeply devoted to her loved ones. She was an eager seeker after truth. She possessed unusual mental power and a remarkable memory for a woman of her years. She was a woman of deep and positive conviction. She read widely upon national and international questions. She possessed well formed opinions on moral issues. Her interests in world affairs were more than a mere desire for information. She was above all things desirous that the cause of righteousness should be victorious. She was a woman of deep spiritual life; regular in church attendance, reverent in worship, an attentive listener. In the

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background of her character was a life of prayer. Madame McKee seemed naturally to belong to Frances Shimer School. Her taste for the best in literature and art; her love of the beautiful; dignity of manner and bearing gave to this institution an atmosphere of culture and refinement. It was a rare privilege for the girls of Frances Shimer to have had in their midst a woman who embodied in her life the culture of an old generation. Her spirit was the link that bound the old to the new. Her memory and her influence will always live within these walls. Like Mrs. Shimer and other choice spirits who have served this institution, she will be one of the cloud of witnesses who look down from above and rejoice in the great service Frances Shimer School is rendering the womanhood of America. For one who lived so earnestly for the good, the true, and beautiful, who was so deeply devoted to the Christian Church and to the interests of the Kingdom of God, there is laid up a crown of eternal life and of immortal love."

EDITORIALS



That Early Straw Hat

Yes, Milady of F. S. S., we are possessed with the evil tendency to force the straw hat season. Figuratively speaking, we may say that a long time before the open season for spring bonnets came, we were sporting ours in all their gaiety in the classrooms. It is safe to say that the majority of us are forcing the intellectual straw hat season in school every day. Isn't there a feeling as soon as the first finals are over in February to condone a laziness which exists pretty much all the year with the excuse that it is hard to study in warm weather? Warm weather is not here yet, by a good deal. According to the calendar March and April are spring months. Of course in Mount Carroll we know that they aren't. Now we have to study—or—flunk even when it is warm. Many of us make spring more of an excuse when there is no spring than when there is spring. "lay the flattering unction to our souls," that some time, not yet of course, but soon—it will be warm, and then it will be O, so hard to study. Therefore, we say, "Let's think how hard it's going to be and not do any more than we must now!"

It seems that the winter of work is still with us and must last until June fifteenth. Intellectual straw hats will be in season June twentieth. Until then let's keep on our working togs.

Regarding Food

There are some kinds of food that have a startling effect upon personality. Anyone who has ever read "Alice in Wonderland," will remember, how down the rabbit hole, she drank something out of a bottle, and immediately began to shrink in stature, but how when she ate cake she grew taller than usual.

A good many of us, when approached by demands from school paper, from organizations, even in school work, simply sigh and drink from the bottle labeled, "O, what's the use," or more frequently from one whose poison is more noxious, labeled "Let someone else do it!" This stuff, though pleasant to the taste is dwarfing to the personality of those who indulge, until the people who are slaves to it become dwarfed creatures, passive, and useless to the student body, or to themselves. In studying the greatest personalities Theodore Roosevelt comes to our mind. His

usual response, we are told, to the new demand upon him was, "That's bully!" Surely we must have an enthusiastic response to make to the demands which mean responsibilities in school life. A little responsibility is not going to hurt most of us. After all, it isn't so terrible to be responsible for getting to meals on time, or for getting a lesson assignment, or for helping to "carry on."

Responsibility makes us grow, and when we, like Alice in Wonderland, eat of this cake "I Can," our self respect grows. What kind of people do you like the best, those girls who are always drinking from the bottle "I should worry," which shrivels them up, or those real girls who take the cake of Responsibility and grow tall?

Are You Cleaning House?

In the Spring Milady's fancy does not always turn to—spring housecleaning, but it should. Some of us have lived through a semester and a half in mental houses where everything seems to be picked up out of a junk shop. Our very opinions are borrowed from our next door neighbor, and our thoughts are thrown in such a heap that we could hardly find our own philosophy if we searched for it. The memory pictures on our walls hang crooked, for our views are distorted and twisted. The mental book shelves of our library are sometimes stacked with narrow, self centered interests, when they should be broad, containing many interests and subjects. Are these memory books torn and mutilated, or can we read them with pleasure any time we wish? Someone has said, "We remember a good many things until we are asked." How about our impressions? Are they blurred? Some of our mental houses do not have an attic tower room. This should be an ideal place to get the highest view of our inner self—what we really are or would like to be. Is your attic a place from which you come refreshed and satisfied with your outlook, or, is it only a storage place for the memories and images which are not worth while?

Spring has come and it is time to open the windows and go into housecleaning with real zest. Let us hang our pictures straight, dust the book shelves, and sweep the cobwebs from the attic so that we may have the satisfaction of a clean house.

Spring is coming! How can we tell? Do we need to be prophets? Oh no! We would be blind if we could not tell—roller skating, base ball, jumping the rope, balmy breezes, and tiny spears of the green army of grass, all say it over and over, "Spring is coming."

How can we improve our time when spring is really here, when all the birds have come, flashing through the green trees with their brilliant spring clothes, when the sky is always an azure sea with billowy cloud ships sailing lazily across it, when all the earth wears a green velvet gown with beautiful flowers as jewels? Are we going to stay in our rooms reading or writing?

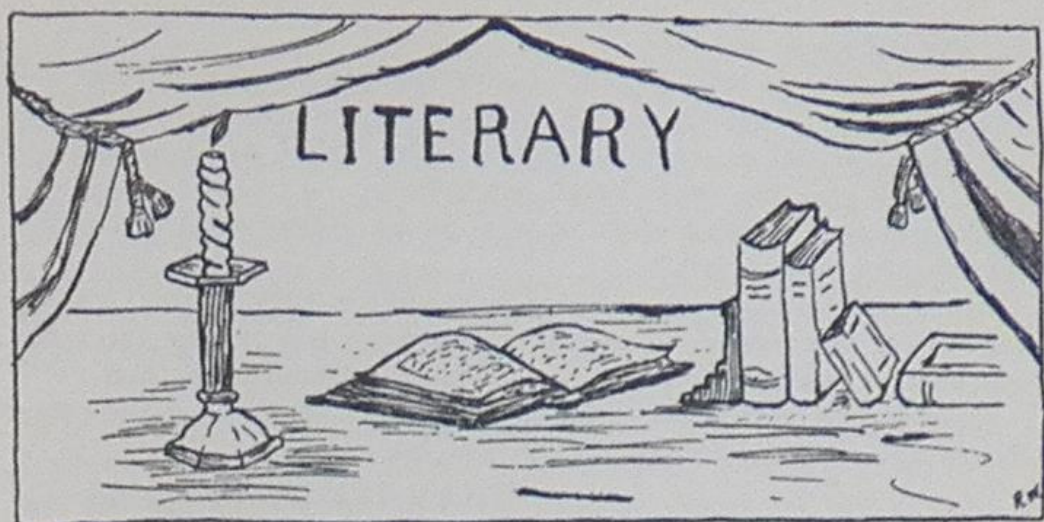
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In the park a tiny stream gurgles between fern hung banks, past huge moss covered boulders piled high in careless confusion. Shy violets hide in modesty beneath more brazen friends. Jack-in-the-pulpit preaches to his little world, while the adder's tongue impertinently mimics him. A fuzzy, sleepy caterpillar is curled under a nice broad leaf. The bloodroot nods her head knowingly at a fat green worm. Papa Robin cocks his bright eye at this tender morsel which he would feed to his ever hungry brood. The tall leafy trees whisper forest gossip to their neighbors.

The little brown path leads us by many twists and curves to delightful picnic places. What can be more fun than a bright fire in the dusk, the tempting smell of coffee and wieners, the teasing taste of pickles between the teeth? Then to walk home while the man in the moon, sly old magician, turns all the world to silver.

Or select, perhaps, an exhilarating hike into the country, following the mysteries of an unknown road. All nature shows us a friendly mood. A gentle, white faced cow presses against the fence to watch us go by, or a squealing bunch of pigs stop squabbling long enough to turn inquisitive snouts in our direction.

The woods and hills are filled with beauty and mystery for us. All the birds and wild flowers invite us to learn more of them. Let us not lose our opportunity to know them.



A Dissertation on a Hot Dog

I have always supposed that a dog was a small animal especially designed to furnish an object upon which small boys might vent their viciousness, and still further that a hot dog would certainly mean one of these same quadrupeds which had been exposed to too much warmth.

Much to my dismay, I found that I had been laboring under an erroneous impression for many years, for is a hot dog not something to masticate and digest? Indeed a hot dog is not even (as I had supposed after I learned that much) made of the various tender and juicy parts of any of the canine family, but viands entering into this delicacy are as palatable as any other meat.

Having conquered my overwhelming fear that I might develop a tail and a bark should I partake of any of this vaunted food for gods and mortals, I timidly made a resolution to eat or die. Excelsior!

I mournfully kissed my mother goodbye that day, fearing that I would never see her again, and I could not keep a tear from welling up in my eye although I dashed it quickly away. I tried to think of my brave ancestors who had fought bloody duels to the death, and who would have scorned me had they known—but then eating a hot dog was different, somehow. One didn't have a chance to fight back. One ate it and then one either died or didn't die.

All the way down-town a mortal combat was going on in the not over-crowded rooms of my brain. To eat or not to eat, that was the question. I wavered in my determination many times, and then my grim forefathers would line up and point bony accusing fingers at me. My courage would come rushing back to the attack, and drive out the doubts at sword's point.

At last I neared the little eating house where I had resolved to take the fatal step. As I looked in the window I saw the cause of all my agony. It did not look very formidable. It lay sputtering and protesting on a grill amid a quantity of grease. A jolly looking fellow was giving it

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a friendly poke now and then.

As I entered, the most tantalizing, mouth-watering odor assailed me. After my terror I suddenly turned weak and was barely able to wobble to a chair. The waiter respectfully said, "Hot dog?" and I nodded assent. I had gone too far to sneak out then.

As he banged the plate down in front of me, I discovered two of the things peeping from a roll.

Suddenly I became bold, and seizing the roll in both hands, I bit off a huge chunk and chewed it. After swallowing it and finding the taste agreeable and also that I was not yet a corpse, I devoured the rest.

When I came forth, it was dark, and my waist band was at least five inches larger. I had consumed twenty-five hot dogs!

EVELYN CAILLE, College '24.

Jimmie Ozanne

"Come on, Bones, I guess we better not stay here any longer. They don't want us, but I wish't they did. I can play base ball, can't I, Bones?"

Jimmie Ozanne reluctantly turned from the vacant lot where the "gang" was playing base ball. They had refused, absolutely, to allow Jimmie to play with them, saying, "We don't want no little boy like you and your dirty little pup; better hurry along out of here." Jimmie stifled a sob and whistled to Bones to follow him. He wandered aimlessly down the street, stopping frequently to gaze wistfully at children playing happily the games which Jimmie, himself, longed to play. Bones followed at his master's heels, often running off to bark at a squirrel, and to chase it to its nest. The dog loved Jimmie, and each time when he returned from his chase, he looked triumphantly up into Jimmie's face, and each time Jimmie idly stooped to caress his one faithful friend.

Jimmie was thinking. Some of his thoughts he addressed to Bones, sympathetic and understanding. "Where do you think we'll sleep to-night, Bones, old fellow? It's going to be cold, and I haven't any coat to put over us, even if we did find some place to sleep. That great big bully took my jacket away from me this morning. He was bigger'n me, that's why. Maybe we'll freeze. Aren't you glad we runned away from that 'sylum, Bones? We have most as much to eat, and now we don't have any cross Miss Marston to scold us. Aw, wasn't she the meanest old thing y'veer saw? But she'd be mad if she knew where you slept last night; yessir, I bet she'd have given me another lickin'. Gee! I'm glad we ain't there no more. I wonder if someone looked for us when they couldn't find us there?" Jimmie was silent for awhile and Bones started off for another chase. Suddenly Jimmie had an inspiration, and upon Bones' return expressed his thought. "I'll tell you what, Bones, we'll go around and see again where Miss Angela lives. I wisht' she'd see us and tell us to come in and eat pie, and cake, and ice cream,

'n'everything what's good. She's a peach, Miss Angela is. Why every time she came to the orphanage she brought us something to eat, or some picture books, and once she took me and Sammie, and Fat, and Bill for a ride in her car. Sammie he sat up in front with a man what drove her car. She called him Jenkins. Miss Angela asked me what my name was, 'n' how old I was and lots of questions, and next time she came she didn't take anybody but me for a ride. That time, we went clear out in the country and saw horses and cows and trees and lots of grass, and it didn't say to keep off the grass, either. I just whis't I could live near Miss Angela all the time, and do errands for her."

It was evening now, and in the cold darkness the rain began to fall. Jimmie, after trudging many weary miles, at last reached the home of Miss Angela, with Bones at his side. Angela Brown, the petted, but not spoiled child of a father, who adored her and granted her every whim, gave much of her time to philanthropic affairs. She did not give, as do many, in the expectation of personal benefit.

Jimmie stood outside, gazing wistfully at the mansion in which his Miss Angela lived, and wondering in which room she was. Then he saw her standing near a window. Jimmie called softly to Bones, "Oh Bones, Just look at Miss Angela! Isn't she bully tonight! She wouldn't care if you did get mud on the floor. I do wish she'd tell us to come in. But she won't, for she doesn't even know we're here. It's so cold though, Bones, and I'm so hungry! Look, look, Bonesie, she's putting on her coat; and now she's coming out the door and getting into her car. We'll run across the street before she sees us. Come on, Bones, we can get across."

Bones, obedient, dashed into the street, rejoicing that he need no longer remain still with Jimmie at the entrance, but so jubilant was he that he failed to see the approaching car. Jimmie seeing that his precious Bones would be crushed by the wheels if he were not snatched away, dashed after his dog. Yes, he could catch Bones and get away from the car in time he thought; but Bones, thinking they were still playing tag ran closer to the wheels. "It is dark, the driver can not see my dog, and what will happen to Bones?" Jimmie thought madly.

The car stopped suddenly and the chauffeur jumped out. "What is it, Jenkins?" Miss Angela asked. And then she, too, saw the little broken body of Jimmie, with the dog which had been pushed to safety just in time, licking the face of his master and whining carressingly over him.

"He's hurt badly, I fear, Miss Angela. Shall I carry him into the house and then call a doctor?" "Oh, yes! Do you know who it is? Why, Jenkins, it's little Jimmie Ozannie who went with me in the car, from the orphanage, you know. Poor little Jimmie."

Miss Angela brushed away the tears which gathered in her eyes; and Jenkins surreptitiously drew forth a handkerchief, under the pretense of blowing his nose.

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Jimmie was placed on a couch before the fire place, where, earlier in the evening, he had longed to be.

He, at length, realized vaguely that he was warm, but not very comfortable. He seemed to ache all over. Then when he saw Miss Angela by the couch, the recollection of what had happened came to fill him with horror.

"Miss—Angela," whispered Jimmie.

"Yes, dear," she returned.

She had spoken to him, and she was real! "What—happened—to—Bones? He — wasn't — killed, was — he?"

"No, Jimmie, Bones is right beside you. You saved Bones just in time, but you fell and the car hurt you; so be quiet, dear. You were injured quite badly I fear."

"Yes, Miss — Angela. I'm — just — going to sleep — here — and stay — asleep. I'm so — warm. You — keep — Bones — good — dog. G'b'y, Miss — Angela. You're — brick. I see — good — Angel — like you — coming — to — take me — away."

Just Fish

A chase was on and Dint was in the lead, near behind pursued Smith and Verne, his companions. In and out of the doors of the ivy covered castle they went, and as they hurried along the dark passage ways under the heavy arches Dinty discovered just ahead of him a dark object. What could it be? Cautiously he moved forward until he had almost reached this dark, "mysterious thing"; then his courage failed him and he decided to wait for his companions.

After a quiet but heated discussion all three moved slowly ahead. They approached, they perceived, they surrounded it. Then Dinty, summoning all of his fearlessness, reached out and touched it. Horrors! it was cold and slimy. It did not yield to his touch but stood as it was, with the firmness of Gibraltar.

He turned for the protection of his friends but they had fled. Poor Dinty! Instantly he decided that other places of the hemisphere would hold more interest for him. His curiosity was forgotten, and his chief aim was to put as great a distance between this ghastly object and himself as possible.

After a short search he came upon his two friends and upon hearing of the queer sensation expressed by Dinty, their curiosity was once more aroused, but no amount of persuasive power could induce Dinty to return with them, he had had enough.

The two companions noiselessly sped back and within one minute they returned gurgling with joy, their mouths stretching from ear to ear with laughter. Dinty could not imagine what they had found so humorous. The joke was on him; the black, cold, slimy, mysterious thing was merely a new stone placed in the aquarium that day, and Dinty and his companions were only three little gold fish.

RUTH HELLER, College '24.



Portrait by Mr. Ralph Clarkson

The following notice appeared recently in the art news section of the Chicago Evening Post and refers to the portrait of Dean McKee presented to the School by the Board of Trustees, the Alumnae, and former students to commemorate Dean McKee's twenty-five years of service to the school. It is to be unveiled May 18.

"PORTRAIT BY MR. CLARKSON

"Another important canvas, for well-painted portraits of eminent men, especially in the educational world, have historical values beyond the ordinary, is that of William P. McKee of the Frances Shimer School of Mount Carroll, Ill., exhibited privately by the artist, Ralph Clarkson, in his studio. It is a portrait intended for the school, to memorialize the service of a man whose ability, is maintaining the ideals which the foundation has held its own with honors for many years.

"The portrait is a frank presentment of a man of scholarly appearance. The interpretation of the face reveals a kindly outlook upon humanity, and intellectual characteristics of a high order. As in his portrait of Dr. Michaelson, the artist, Mr. Clarkson, has treated the entire canvas in an interesting color scheme, the play of lights culminating in the well-painted head.

"Not every artist has the insight of personality which enables him to establish intimacy with his subject, and it is with congratulations for a particular gift, that the friends of Mr. Clarkson's art recognize his adventures beyond material portraits into the indefinable readings of the spiritual in his paintings.

"The Frances Shimer School alumnae have a strong and loyal company of women thruout the country, with many in Chicago, all of whom will welcome the portrait of Dr. McKee, which is to hang in the halls of Mount Carroll."

Kelley's Stables

Wednesday, January the tenth, we noticed a clever poster in West Hall that read "Come to Kelley's Stables Saturday, January the thirteenth. Music by the Bre-hel-mar brothers." Of course everyone wondered what it was all about and then we remembered that the Diversion Club had charge of that evening.

Well, we went and such an evening! The "Kelly's Stables" was in the gym which was divided in two parts. One part was for tables and the other for dancing. Girls dressed in white sailor trousers, white skirts, black flannel coats, and black ties were the waiters with Pat Hardy as head waiter. Soon the tables were filled with girls with black feathered hats and kid gloves.

The orchestra was composed of Nelba Marshall at the piano, Gloria Levin, violin, Elizabeth Briggs, drums, and Ruth Heller, saxophone.

All four wore white trousers, shirts, and colored sashes.

Two vaudeville features were of special notice during the evening. Leona Masor and Ruth Baron were the only rivals of the original Mr. Galleger and Mr. Sheen, and Dorothy Burke as Barnie Google and Dorothy Duncan as Spark Plug were unsurpassable.

And then there was the prize dance. The best dancers were chosen by the process of elimination. Olga Ohlrich and Carolyn Fosdick were chosen and they had to give a dance under the ray of a strong spot light.

At nine-thirty we all left granting indeed that this had been one of the most successful parties of the year.

Examinations for First Semester

On Wednesday afternoon, February the seventh, examinations began for the first semester. As usual they were given and taken (like so much medicine) in the chapel. They lasted until Saturday afternoon and by that time almost every one looked quite tired. However, we were given back our gift of laughter and power of enjoyment Saturday evening by the faculty who certainly entertained us royally.

Then there was the long suspense of waiting for the exam. books to come back from the University of Chicago where they are corrected. Suddenly one day we heard, "Oh! The English books are here—The History books are back!" Everyone rushed around to get her books. Finally all the books were back and the honor roll was posted in Metcalf. It read as follows:

FIRST HONOR ROLL

Those whose grades in each subject are above 85 and who are carrying at least 3 scholastic subjects:

Nicholson, Ida	91.8333
Levin, Gloria	91.625
Pfleeger, Genevieve	91.5
Graham, Margaret	90.875

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Hubbell, Gail	90.75
von Oven, Dorothea	89.
Roe, Grace	87.33

SECOND HONOR ROLL

Those who are carrying at least three scholastic subjects and whose general average is 85 or over but who fell below 85 in the average of one or more studies:

Deutsch, Harriet	88.25
Nicholson, Anita	87.375
Deen, Shirley	87.
Thompson, Pauline	86.875
Ohlrich, Olga	86.833
Branson, Mary	86.75
Benson, Julia	86.6875
Weaver, Jane	85.9375
Wiswell, Elizabeth	85.75
Blou, Leota	85.6875
Cavan, Esther	85.625
Barker, Ruth	85.5
Handel, Dorothy	85.4375
Wagor, Reva	85.2

SECOND SEMESTER

The second semester began the following Tuesday, February 13. A few new girls came. Two girls who had been here formerly, returned — Agnes Schalker and Marian Pullman. Agnes is a College Sophomore and Marian a Senior. The Juniors welcome their new member Gladys Walker, and Vivian Riddell is a new member of the Academy Freshman class. Mildred Walberg is also a new member of the Freshman class.

Clarence

Mere words cannot express the enjoyment that we derived from the clever presentation of "Clarence," by the College Freshmen.

The cast was exceptionally well chosen, especially the leading character, Clarence, taken by Virginia Varty. Her dramatic ability is well worth taking note of and we feel sure of her future success in this field.

The play opens with the first scene in the office of Mr. Wheeler (Alice Woodworth) a middle aged business man, father of Cora (Lourie Hoffman) an irresponsible and irrepressible young daughter and of Bobby (Phyllis Marschall) a scapegrace son. The stepmother Mrs. Wheeler (Anne Teverbaugh) seems unable to manage Cora, and so Mr. Wheeler is in constant consultation with the young and attractive governess, Violet Pinney (Margaret Graham.) This incurs the jealousy of Mrs. Wheeler. Theodora Mitchell took the part of Della, Verna Hoxie was the butler and Margaret Burt, Hubert Stein.

Clarence, a young soldier, comes to the office in search of a position. Mrs. Wheeler finally accepts him on the supposition that he can drive

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mules without swearing. He is brought out to the suburban home as general repair man.

As the play progresses Clarence undergoes a marvelous transformation and becomes quite an eligible young man. In a remarkably short time the entire feminine side of the household dog his footsteps and hang on his very words. They all, from Mrs. Wheeler to Della the parlor maid, worship the ground he walks on.

The charming young governess, Miss Pinney, furnishes the attraction for the men in general and for Clarence in particular who is doubtless the most seriously affected.

The young ex-soldier remains in the home several weeks before his identity is revealed. No one in the house is even sure of his last name. Over this question arises much discussion and argument.

However in the end he turns out to be a young doctor of science a well known authority on biology. At a very critical time in fact when most of the family think he is either crazy or a deserter in the army a long wished for letter arrives offering a fine position in Washington.

Clarence decides that the salary will suffice for two, and so, as Violet has already decided to leave the Wheeler home, they decide to go to Washington together. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler have come to an agreement and have decided upon schools for Cora and Bobby. This arrangement of course does not please these two young people in the least.

Violet and Clarence leave behind them a very much happier family, though Bobby and Cora appear a somewhat grieved pair. For Bobby thinks the light of his world is gone and Cora that her heart is woefully broken.

As a last word we all want to say that the play was a real success and here's to you, College Frosh, and to Miss Jacobson, that wonderful coach of yours.

Diversion Club

The Diversion Club has been doing things lately that are well worth noticing. In the first place it has chosen a food committee and this committee is to have food sales every other Monday. This new committee is Margaret Herman, chairman, Luella Harris, and Theodora Mitchell.

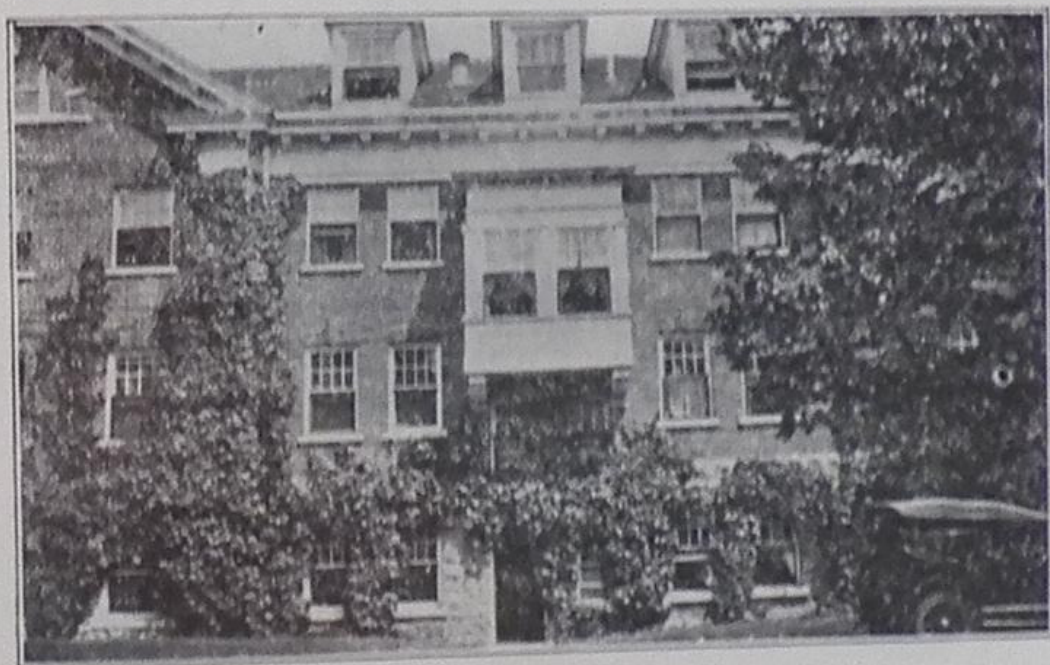
The main thing that the Diversion Club is busy working for now is the vaudeville. The one last year was a great success and we hope to make the one this year even more so. Each Club in school has an act. We are very anxious to have every one work together so that the vaudeville will be an all around example of school spirit.

The House Committee Election

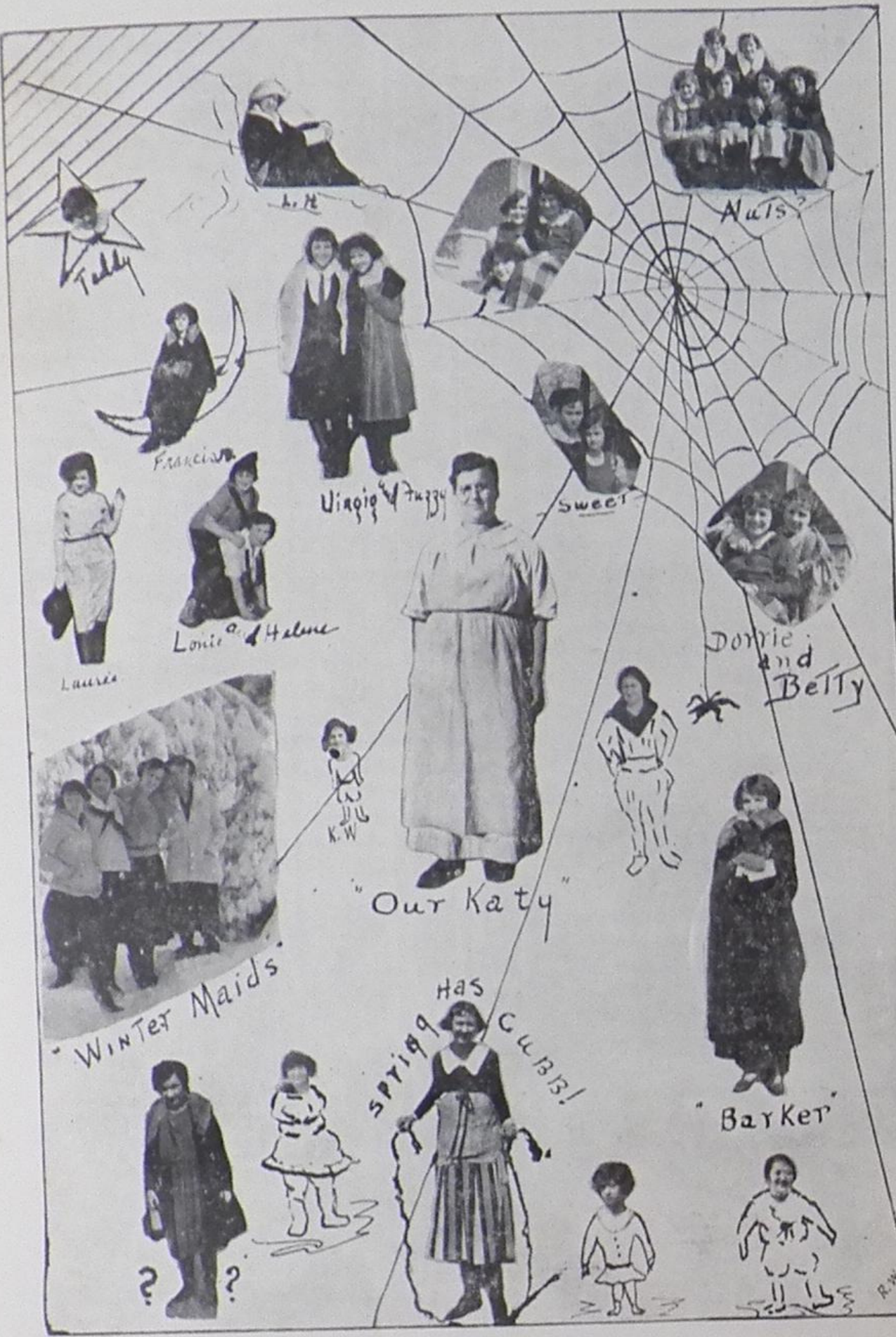
Shortly after the opening of second semester, the Frances Shimer College Girls' Association met to elect new officers. Those who were chosen to represent the college girls in self-government are as follows:



William Parker McKee Hall



West Hall — West Entrance



Tally

Francine

Laurie

Louise & Helene

Winter Maids

K.W.

Vingie & Fuzzy

Our Katy

Spring Has CUBS!

? ?

Barker



Dorrie and Betty

Sweet

h. H.

Nuts

Anne Teverbaugh — President.
Evelyn Schmidt — Vice President.
Florence Rice — Secretary.
Evelyn Caille — Treasurer.

The college girls intend to lend their loyal support to their new officers in helping them make a success of self-government. Here's to the new House Committee.

Athletic Association Evening

The Athletic Association planned a big sleigh ride for the evening of January the twenty-seventh, but one can't have a sleigh ride without snow and all during the week previous snow seemed about as far off as possible. Plans were changed and a poster was placed in West Hall which said that the entertainment would be in three divisions. The first division was in West Hall and games of all sorts were played by girls there. For those who preferred a heavier and more exciting time a basket ball game was played in the gym in Hathaway. And last but, as usual, not least, in College we found the Bre-hel-mar brothers playing for the dancing while hot dogs and Eskimo pies were sold in the dining room. On the whole everyone had a lovely time. Thanks is due the Athletic Association for its work.

Vesper Notes

The Y. W. C. A. had charge of Vespers January the fourteenth. Edith Mae Whitfield led the service and Shirley Deen, the President of the Y. W. C. A. of Frances Shimer, talked to us about "The House on Henry Street."

January the twenty-first Miss Pierson had Vespers. She read to us from "Days Off" by Henry Van Dyke. All of us who had not read this firmly resolved to finish reading "Days Off."

The next Sunday evening we noticed a sign on the bulletin board in West Hall that said "Vespers in the lounge tonight." That sounded very interesting to us and at seven-thirty we were all there. Vespers proved delightful. Miss Neale had charge of leading the service and she and Elizabeth Briggs led the singing. We sang many old songs that made us think of home, as the fire burned merrily in the fire place. Girls were seated on cushions all around and everything was home like. After we had sung many songs Ellouise Balstadt and Pat Hardy read to us. We ended the service by singing to "ukes" played by Miss Jacobson and Elizabeth Briggs.

Dean McKee had Vespers February the fourth. His subject was Samuel Johnson and he spoke from the biography written by Boswell.

Mrs. Fortenbacher led Vespers February the eleventh. She read us "An Essay on Friendship." Miss Mitchell played on the violin.

The following Sunday night Miss Mitchell led Vespers. We enjoyed very much the two selections played by Marian Pullman, Gloria

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Levin, and Miss Mitchell, a violin trio with Miss Grace Roe accompanying on the piano.

The next Sunday Miss Newburn spoke to us about "Why we go to College." Although it is a subject that should be much in our thought, we seldom hear it discussed, and when we do it makes us consider thoughtfully why we are here, and makes us realize that a purpose is very necessary.

March the fourth the treat came for sure! Dean McKee read Riley. He reads Riley one Sunday every year and we always spend the first part of the year looking forward to that Sunday night and the last part thinking about it. We wish that he would read Riley just one more Sunday night. Please, Dean McKee!

The next Sunday night Miss Peters led Vespers. She talked on "The Building of Our Characters and Lives." We liked it very much and hope to profit by it.

Faculty Evening

Much whispering was heard around the halls about Faculty night. Someone said, "Oh, Morrie's going to wear rouge and is going to faint in the last act." Everyone was all thrilled when at last the evening came February the tenth.

We were first entertained by some shadow pictures. The Dean, wearing a sunbonnet and coyly walking across the stage, led the faculty. They were all dressed in some funny costume and pretty well disguised, but still we recognized them and called out loudly who they were.

The next thing on the program was a play entitled, "A Midsummer's Madness." This was the renowned act in which "Morrie" as the fond proud mother wore the rouge, and above all a spit curl in the middle of her forehead. Miss Mitchell made a dashing young "Rudolph" and Miss Swetil, the heroine, was a shy, sweet thing. Miss Hostetter, the villain, was very wicked and bold, while our "Shiek" was kept in prison by the would-be-faithful policeman, Miss Schuster. After many intricate complications the young hero escaped with his sweetheart, and the fond mother fainted beautifully in the cop's arms as the curtain fell. The entire play was given in letters and for many days after around campus we heard "I l u, I l u," or "O d, O d!"

The third feature was a minstrel show by the Misses Kesson, Neale, Gillard, Altman and Jacobson who made a very jolly bunch of negroes. Miss Neale and Miss Altman seemed very fond of each other while Miss Kesson and Miss Gillard kept everyone laughing by their attentions to each other.

We finally went to College Hall and were served ice cream and cakes by the faculty. Then we went down the receiving line and home to dream about the delightful Faculty evening.

Y. W. C. A.

The greatest thing the Y. W. C. A. has done in the last few weeks is

to send one hundred dollars to The Women's Medical College in Pekin. This amount gives us the privilege of having the name of our school put on the door of the room, which is furnished with our money. We asked that the occupant of the room correspond with us but as yet we have received nothing. This is what your pledge goes for. So pay promptly.

Besides the foreign work the cabinet has been busy at home. We are looking around for girls who are coming back to carry on the work of the organization next year. Two members of the cabinet elected to serve from 1922-23 will be chosen to go to the Cabinet Council Convention at Beloit, Wisconsin, April 27-29.

The Green Curtain Dramatic Club has continued its regular meetings every two weeks throughout the year and some very fine talent has been displayed. A short one act play is given at each session and criticism received. The Club expects to hold an open meeting in May, to which every member may bring a guest. Rehearsals are now being held for the Dramatic Club play to be given April 21. The cast is working diligently and much ability is being displayed. We hope with co-operation to make it a great success. We are planning to end an enjoyable year of activity with a little party in June.

Tryouts for new membership were held on Monday, March 5, and March 12. The girls who favorably passed both tryouts and who are entitled to membership are:

Edith Mae Whitfield.

Elizabeth Crowell.

Theodora Mitchell.

These members were pledged at a meeting held March 19 and after two weeks of pledging in which they proved themselves very efficient and intelligent workers (Ask them!!!) were admitted as worthy members to the Green Curtain Dramatic Club.

Expression Recital

The Expression Recital was given by four pupils of Miss Jacobson on March third. Laura Barrett read "Silver Buckles" by Jean Webster. The story was very sweet and everyone listened intently. The situation was indeed humorous at times and then again at times we were very serious wondering what would happen next.

Next Phyllis Marschall read "Inja" by Amelia Rives. Inja was not a type of girl any of us would ever want to be. Phyllis has read several times but she has never read as well as she did that night.

As a musical interlude Florence Sugden played "Die Lorelei" by Liszt. She played with very much feeling and the applause was great when she finished.

Martha Barnhardt read "Jane" by Booth Tarkington in her usual good manner. She seemed almost Jane herself as she stood there imitating the little girl.

For the last number Della Hinshaw read "The Camberly Triangle"

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by Alan Milne. This is a very difficult piece to read and it could not have been read better than Della read it.

On the whole the Expression Recital was a pronounced success and we certainly would like another like it!

Mac Dowell Club

Have you seen them? What? Yes, indeed, I mean the new Mac Dowell pins. They are shaped like an eighth note and have four pearls in them.

We have held our meetings Sunday evening after lunch and enjoy them very much. We are studying operas and their composers.

One Sunday evening our adviser, Miss Schuster, invited us to her studio at five-thirty and we were entertained delightfully before our meeting. Miss Schuster assisted by Elizabeth Briggs, served lunch. We had a lovely time and thank her very much for entertaining us.

Frances Shimer School, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

March 26, 1923.

DEAR JOHN:—

Fun! honestly I never had such a good time in my life as I did at the Academy Senior Prom Saturday night, February 24. Of course all of the decorations were in keeping with Washington's Birthday. I certainly did wish you could have joined us in the Grand March.

Everyone seemed to be wearing new dresses, wonderful creations, indescribable, I mean at least to men, because a mere man would fail to understand the value of them. Yes, I can hear you say, "probably their fathers did though." Well, anyway, everyone looked pretty.

Miss Pierson, the class counselor, lead the march with Allice Winston, the class president. In the ball-room two of the cutest girls, in America costumes gave out programs and favors. The picture these two formed standing by the white pillars in a room of red, white and blue decorations under soft lights, can not be fully appreciated by anyone who was not there.

The decorations were absolutely darling — Dad says I describe everything I describe from a moon to a hat as darling — but really true they were very pretty and effective. Nebby held a conspicuous place on the chandelier in College Parlor and at him the Juniors cast longing eyes.

As the first dance started we began to notice the male members present. And there were many — or at least so it seemed after not seeing any. There were enough to keep any one man from feeling conspicuous. Many feminine hearts went flutter! flutter! and you could hear rumors of: "I have two dances with men," "My next is with that good-looking blond," "Is my nose shiny? I'm going to dance with my roommate's man," and so on. Of course none of this affected me as men don't especially interest me. I think they are too conceited.

Just Snaps



4 O's



Hail



"Libs"



Sally



G.T.'s



"Bustle"



"Beth & Hani"



Maxine



Beth & Mary





Miss Glee Hastings and the King of Greece — 1923



Miss Glee Hastings and the King of Greece — 1923

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The orchestra was fine and when they played "Carolina in the Morning," everyone wished the music would continue forever. The fox trots were varied by waltzes and "Three O'clock in the Morning," was especially enjoyed. Yea, John, even I could waltz to that!

Delightful punch and wafers were served throughout the evening and when the 9:30 bell rang everyone was reluctant to leave and all were much in favor of eleven o'clock Prom rules. We hope our visitors had as good a time as we did.

I must close this letter and study now. As ever,

Dortha.

On Saturday evening, February 17, Professor Storres Barrett of the Yerkes Observatory at Lake Geneva lectured on astronomy. His talk concerned mainly the activities of the late Professor Barnard who has discovered more comets than perhaps any other man, and who is renowned in the scientific world. Professor Barrett demonstrated by numerous slides the working structure and mechanism of the largest telescopes and the photographic attachments used in taking the pictures of constellations, many of which he showed and explained.

Academy Freshman Notes

The month of March finds us all quite satisfied with our no longer "new home." It has become our real home now and we all like it. We see no strange faces around campus and hear no strange names but all seems home like and much more pleasant.

We have held a few meetings since the last Record was published but not many changes have been made. The few things of importance were the election of a secretary and treasurer and the choosing of the class colors. Our colors are purple and silver and our motto "Facto non Verbo." A rather strange form but it will cause the non-Latin students to hunt a Latin book.

Our class has also increased in size. Two new girls came at the opening of the second semester. They are Vivian Riddell and Mildred Wahlberg. We hope that this will not be the end of its growth and think that by June some Freshmen will decide to come to F. S. S.

We want to thank Miss Kesson, our counselor, for all our activities, as she has been our guide and we her faithful followers.

Academy Sophomore Class Notes

One Sunday evening late in January, the Sophomores along with the Juniors were entertained by our counselors, Miss Jacobson and Miss Swetil. The affair was held in the lounge and when we tried to find our chairs, which were placed around the glowing fire, we found them to be designated by cards with names on them. But alas! the names were so unrecognizable that we thought surely we had entered the wrong party; however, after much confusion, and many suggestions we discovered they were only our own commonplace names, spelled backwards. Our hostesses served us bountifully with ice cream (and heaps of choc-

olate dip) and nuts and sandwiches. Later in the evening Miss Jacobson entertained us with some musical readings, one, "That Old Sweet-heart of Mine," being a great favorite among the girls, called forth much applause. After this Miss Jacobson played the ukelele and we sang, until the nine o'clock bell made the girls from Hathaway hurry home. The whole evening was packed full of fun, and we thank our counselors once again for the good time.

On Monday, March fifth, the Sophomores with Miss Jacobson, went down to Katie's for lunch. We had Katie's usual lunch, creamed chicken and all that goes with it and again — "food for the gods" as only Katie herself can make. During lunch we planned many things for the remaining few months. One thing particularly we decided to do immediately, and this was to see what the Juniors could do in a "friendly enemy" sort of way in base ball. The morning after the luncheon, the Juniors were confronted with a large sign on the bulletin board, challenging them to a base ball game with the Sophs. After three days, (we wonder if it were hesitation or just their usual neglect?) they accepted it and showed their true sportsmanship. However, they wanted us to play basket ball, which we are more than willing to do and so we're planning on some good times after vacation to display our Sophomore spirit!

Junior Notes

The Sophomores and Juniors were invited one Sunday night to a spread given by our counselors, Miss Jacobson and Miss Swetil. It was after Vespers and the invitation read "in the lounge." They had prepared a wonderful spread for us and we all sat around the fire. Afterwards Melba Marshall, one of our Juniors, played while the rest of us sang until the nine o'clock bell rang.

The Juniors are looking forward to the chicken luncheon at Katie's on Monday, the nineteenth.

Senior Notes

The lately posted Honor Roll showed what the Seniors can do in "scholastic pursuits" for six Seniors came out on top namely Gail Hubbell, Dorothea von Oven, Olga Ohlrich, Elizabeth Wiswell, Pauline Thompson, and Reva Wagor. These fortunate and deserving members, of whom we are all proud, enjoyed a delightful spread in Hathaway Parlor given by our counselor, Miss Pierson.

Freshman Notes

'Twas ever thus. We either have too much news or not enough. Thus the former this time for a change.

The all important event for the Freshman class this semester was our play, "Clarence," given March tenth. From all visible signs, and there seemed to be plenty of them, possibly due to the large majority of Freshmen in the audience, but nevertheless, from all visible signs our play was a pronounced success. The faithful training of our coach, Miss Jacobson, contributed in no small degree to making us what we were.

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After the play the cast was delightfully entertained by our counselor, Miss Neale.

Friday, the ninth, Metcalf Hall was the scene of a traffic blockade, when the Freshmen all crowded around the bulletin board to read their "notice." It proved to be an invitation from our counselor, Miss Neale, to a spread to be given in College dining room Sunday evening after Vespers. A warm fire in the fire place, the dim light from the candles, and the strumming of ukes provided a fitting background for the spirit of coziness and good cheer that prevailed. Next best in the evening's diversion was the delicious lunch prepared by our hostess. A glance into the room was sufficient evidence that we were all having the time of our lives.

We can now prove by statistics that we are the smartest, brightest class in Frances Shimer. How? Take a good look at the Honor Roll.

Then too, we are mighty proud of our members who made the first team in College basket ball.

We have lots of other things to be proud of, but of course we don't want to seem boastful and cause any hard feelings, but just watch us, we've started now.

Sophomore Class Notes

After Vespers on March 11 we Sophomores with Miss Fairchild met in McKee Student Parlor for a good time. With the pillows and lamps placed here and there the room looked cheery and home like. While the snow was whirling hither and yon without we were comfortably seated about the room enjoying delicious chocolate cakes, ice cream, and hot coffee. Plans for the future, especially regarding our prom were suggested and discussed. If you knew what fun we Sophomores are planning you would wish you were a Sophomore, also.

On Saturday, March 17, the Sophomore class was invited to the home of one of its members, Gertrude Moore, where they were entertained by Gertrude Moore, Ruth Kingery, and Helen Clark. A delicious dinner was served and a pleasing scheme of decorations was carried out in St. Patrick style. We had the most enjoyable time and we certainly appreciated the "town girls'" hospitality.

In My Room,
March 20, 1923.

DEAR SNOOKSEY:—

We had an awful blizzard here the other day, and everybody had to go to their classes without any bells and we had only candle light by which as you know one can't see very good. It was like that for nearly a week with only two or three lamps all the rest candles. Lots of the trains were wrecked and our food which was on one was left out in the country some place. They must have a lot of extra food here because we ate all our meals regularly just as usual.

There have been so many plays lately that I couldn't begin to tell

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you. Why, we had a basket ball game last week and another one coming this week and a couple of recitals and a lot of fun at the prom (George Washington's.)

Oh Snooksey, do you remember that girl I told you about which I thought was so nice? She isn't any such thing after all, but there's another girl here who is nice. I haven't got a crush either. (Do you know what a crush is? It is awful, you write notes and cry and don't study.) She was in Clarence.

Next six weeks after vacation which comes in three days, are senior table. That is when the juniors can get a chance at Nebby but we won't let them touch him, because the seniors and us all fight. You see the sophomores and seniors are sister classes and Nebby is theirs, the seniors, but we help them.

I'll see you soon so goodbye for now. As ever,

Hepzibah.



ATHLETICS

Spring is here!! Manifestations of the glorious season are everywhere evident!! Flying figures on roller skates dash by with a "Hey, looky out," and a "Toot, here I come." Their warnings are indeed superfluous, for who is abroad on campus but is not attentive to the antics of these skating demons? One person is especially noticeable. The art of skating is so secondary to her, that she consumes her daily knowledge rolling along the walk. Book in hand, mind intent up the text, she invites the envy of all those who must skate and skate only, study and study only. The most popular highway is that extending from Dearborn to Hathaway, past College and on to the turn at Science.

The baseball season at Frances Shimer begins unusually early; that is, certain factions pick it up with unsurpassed zeal before the snow has scarce melted into the earth's crust. Those alluded to are the Academy Sophs and Juniors. After numerous challenges, responses, dares, and return-dares, the opponents of the day met behind West Hall to give their life's blood for their class through the baseball bat and ball. Misses Telfer, Hinshaw the younger, Barnhart, Miller, and others, having exercised their athletic minds in scheming maneuvers of rapid play for days preceding, led their classes against each other in hot play.

You can't get away from the fact that the Sophs and Juniors show their speed in Athletics as well as in class spirit.

There dawns a day of glorious spring balm; a day when the call of nature brings all to fling wide their windows to the beauty; a day when the cardinal shrieks with unsurpassed vigor; a day of rope-jumping, jack-playing, and campus-strolling by the admirable "Shimerites;" and last, but not least in the importance of an onlooker's eye because here enumerated after all else, is the striking rigidity of a column of girls in gym costume. It is the noble Frances Shimer militia, sometimes known as the Health Class. Directed by Miss Swetil, they do their "foursquarter-wheel's," "to-the-rear's," and "class-hats" with admirable alacrity and in good form. They make quite a spectacle in parade drill; not an eye but it is centered to the front, not an ear but it is strained only for the sound of a command, and not a move but it is made in perfect coordination with the entire file. All who are not enlisted in these ranks are admiring bystanders and interested in the progress of the Health Class.

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A heavy season of golfing, tennis-playing, hiking, skating, and the initiation of bicycling is anticipated after spring vacation. Edith Mae Whitfield, head of F. S. S.'s Athletic Golf Association, is enthusiastic about her plans for the spring golf tournament. She says it will be a gala day. The tennis tournament holds a great decision in store. For the past four years the title of champion in single finals has been held by the same expert. But since she was graduated from F. S. S. last June, we await her successor expectantly. Hikes have been popularized bountifully through the fall and winter. Many are expecting letters from the Athletic Association after their quota of miles for this semester has been covered. We were disappointed in the fall of last year about our fifteen mile Savanna hike. Eleanor Seagren, head of this department, is very encouraging about the prospects of this event in the days following spring vacation. Why shouldn't the Athletic Association come forth with a feasible idea for a Bicycle Club? Near-by villages situated on these good paved highways afford very pleasant destinations for short or long trips.

The last meeting of the Athletic Association, held Thursday evening, March 8, was called to order by the President. After the roll was taken, small letters were given out to girls who had earned their thirty points in various ways, chiefly for hiking and hockey. Miss Swetil and one or two of the heads of sports gave short talks concerning Frances Shimer Athletics. Then a motion, to the effect that all Athletic Association members receive fifteen points, as well as the heads of sports, was made and carried. The meeting then adjourned. Interest in the coming game between College and Academy is adding greatly to the general enthusiasm for Athletics, and we hope next time to be able to give out more letters, and especially some big ones.

The basket ball teams for the approaching game were posted Wednesday, March 14, along with the rules for "training." The lineup was as follows:

COLLEGE	ACADEMY
First Team	First Team
Nicholson, A.	Harrington, V.
Nicholson, I.	Underwood, H.
Schalker, A.	Zick, E.
Shattuck, B.	Hubbell, G.
Thompson, M. R.	Winston, A.
Roe, G.	Wasson, M.
Eastabrooks, E.	Hutchinson, A.
Second Team	Second Team
Warrick, B.	Charlton, D.
Burt, M.	Crowell, E.
Caille, E.	Cantrell, R.
Deen, S.	Pfleeger, G.
Hoxie, V.	Smith, O.

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Whitfield, E. M.
Teverbaugh, A.
Heller, R.

Thompson, T.
Barker, R.
Levin, G.
Ohlrich, O.
Toth, M.



RECIPE?

In order to obtain a "Please see me," take a trip to the piggery and get a little salt for the first ingredient.

Go over to Mrs. Durham's after the chocolate. Katy has the best sweetening and flavorings; so don't forget to add these. Above all things mix and sift ingredients with a hammer in a granite pan about ten-thirty and cook on the grill so that the lovely odor can be smelled in the hall. Call the crowd in by banging the transom, and show them the result of your labor.

Entertain afterward with the "vic" using a pin for safety, and promptly at 8:05 you will have received your "Please see me."

E. M.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU

Dear Sir:—

We are glad to refer to you Miss Dorothy von Oven for the office of Canning Club in rural communities. Her abilities in these Domestic Arts are very pronounced and her love of the country will be a great aid to the county.

Dear Sir:—

We are glad to recommend Motsie Burt as assistant in your deaf and dumb institute. Her tone qualities are quite suitable for such an institution. The volume and strength will aid in medicinal treatment for the curables.

We recommend both Ruth Heller and Helen Stauffer as teamster for any community. They have incomparable knack at leading dumb animals in the way that they should go.

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"Here's to the girls who are tender;
Here's to the girls who are slender;
Here's to the girls who are large, fat, and red;
Here's to the girls who are speechless —
But they're dead.

We regret to say that Ida Nicholson has been taking things here and there. For instance she just took the top of the honor roll. Of course this is the only type of roll she would want now. She's reducing, u kno.

O there is a young lady named Briggs
Who thinks she gets nothing but digs —
We suggest that F. S. create jokes for her, yet;
Or she may end her life on dry figs.

Lives there a girl with soul so dead,
Who never to herself hath said,
"Give me Chicago;
Mount Carroll is dead."

"I flunked that exam cold."

"I thought it was easy."

"It was but I had vaseline on my hair, and my mind slipped.

—Brown Jug.

Sweet young thing: "Will you charge a loaf of bread for me?"

Rough clerk: "Sorry, lady, this a grocery store not a battery shop.

—Beanpot.

"What makes your car so damp?"

"Probably because there's so much due on it."

Senior: "It's all over campus."

Freshy: "What?"

Senior: "Why, the grass, little one."

College Freshman: "Could you give me a definition for faculty?"

Junior: "Yes, they are some teachers who assist the seniors in running the school."

IT HAPPENED IN F. S. S.

Freshie: "Teacher, if all the ships were taken from the ocean, would the water go down?"

Nelle: "Can't go, I must darn my stockings, they are on my mind."

Margaret: "Take them off and come with me."

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'SALL WRONG!

We understand that a teacher of F. S. defined vacation as "rest."

If you find any mistakes in this Record, blame it on the printer—he's used to it.

"This coffee tastes like mud."

"Yes, sir, it was ground this morning."

Miss Peters: "Name an organ of the body."

Ruth Heller: "The teeth."

Miss Peters: "What kind?"

Ruth: "Grind organs."

Teacher: "Recite your history lesson."

Pupil: "Aw, let history repeat itself."

A member of the faculty broke a record the other day.

How's that?

She threw the "Laughing Record" out of Hathaway.

I'm popular while they're dancing,
I've a lot of vim and pep,
The girls all seem to want me there
I've a fairly decent rep.

But when the dance is over,
I'm left alone and grim,
'Cause I'm the old piano
On the platform in the gym.

Eleonor Welch: "What time does the 4 o'clock train leave?"

The Scattered Family

Mary Miles '98 spent the winter in Chicago, where she enjoyed the opera, drama, art exhibits, lectures at the University, and other advantages which the city affords.

Gretchen Smith Brown '17 died in February at her home in Minneapolis following a few days' illness from pneumonia. She is survived by her husband and a little daughter, Nancy, about a year old.

Mary McCoy Halderman, whose name appears as a student in the school catalog of '59-'60 died at her home in Mt. Carroll on December 23. For many years Mrs. Halderman was actively interested in the work of the School, serving for some time as president of the Educational Aid Association. She is the mother of Harriett Halderman Webb '87 and Mary Dell Halderman '01.

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Alice King, College '20, has been spending the winter with relatives in Beatrice, Nebraska, where she has a secretarial position in the office of the County Treasurer.

Leah Durkee, College '20, is a senior in Knox College, and Helen Pratt College '20, is a junior in the Conservatory of Music of the same college.

Alice Gibbs '98 lives in Twin Falls, Idaho, where she is busy as housekeeper for an uncle, and with church and Sunday School work, both local and associational. She writes of frequently seeing Grace Grove Wiley '98-'99 and Alice Sheldon Jennison '98 who reside in the same town.

"The Song of the Waukarusa," a poem by Harriet Nase Connell '89 received honorable mention in the annual poetry competition of the Chicago Woman's Club.

Iris Spohn Albert, instructor in Domestic Science 1915-16, writes of the sudden death of her husband at their home in Elkhart, Indiana, in January. Mrs. Albert and her little son are removing to California where she expects to go back to teaching, after doing some graduate work at the University of California.

Dorothy Davis Cunningham '19 writes to have her address changed from Ann Arbor, Michigan, to 2531 Cherokee Parkway, Louisville, Ky.' where they expect to make their permanent home.

How would you like to have a young, good looking, smiling, well dressed king call upon you all of a sudden? This was the experience of Glee Hastings, College '11-'12. Miss Hastings has been in charge of the Near East Relief Orphanages in Constantinople and recently went to Athens, Greece, where she established an orphanage for 1100 Greek girls. Shortly after her arrival there King George of Greece called and asked for the young American directress. This was the king's first informal appearance since he ascended the throne. The Greek government has turned over for the use of the orphans, one of the former palaces, which stands on Constitution Square in Athens.

Louraine Freeman '21' has entered school at Greeley, Colorado.

Hazel Rollins '11 is doing private nursing in Jerome, Arizona.

Winifred Seeger Stuart '11 writes of a visit last October from Laura Lovald Pollard, who was then residing in Omaha, but who is now at home in apartment 21 Bernard Court, 948 Woodycrest Ave., New York City.

"Do it now was very impressive," writes Lucille Deutsche '12-'14, "so I sat right down to do the thing I have been intending to do for a long time — subscribe to the **Record**."

Elizabeth Sjöholm Utley '15 is now living in Newburgh, New York. She has two children, Betty and Buddy.

Calla Jean Gillard, Faculty, and Mrs. Grace Reynolds Squires '02 appeared on the program of the Mendelssohn Club of Rockford, Illinois, in January. Both are members of the organization.

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Kathrena Williams '21 played the part of the Prince in a recent presentation of "The Steadfast Princess" by the Children's Theatre Company, a dramatic organization of the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston, where she is a student.

Iva Dodd, College '18-'19, is continuing her college work this year at the University of Wisconsin.

Frances Roberts '09 who is a graduate nurse, is at present engaged in service in a hospital in Pasadena, California.

Geneva Seeger Swenson lives at 2721 Titus Ave., Omaha, Nebr. She has one child, Richard.

Gladys White Nebel writes that they are now a happy family of three since September 19, 1922, when Marion Jane Nebel arrived at their home.

Agnes Collings '16 after spending three years teaching French in the high school at Lafayette, Ind., is spending this year at her home in North Bend, Nebr.

Cora Scott Younie '14-'15 writes, "I always eagerly await the arrival of each new number of the Record. Everything and everybody connected with Frances Shimer are of great interest to me."

Another future daughter of Frances Shimer is Cecelia Franzen, the three-year-old daughter of Viola Sweitzer Franzen '19-'20.

H. May Cole '08 writes friends of the death of her father at the family home in McDonald, Kansas, on February 3, 1923.

Geraldine Hegert is in Chicago as secretary in the office of the Petroleum Appliances Company. Her address is 4919 Lake Park Avenue. She has been teaching three nights a week at the Y. W. C. A. She writes, "Most of my pupils are foreigners and I am giving them instruction in their A. B. C.'s. It is interesting, quite fascinating and I truly enjoy it, but you can imagine that it keeps me pretty busy all the time, what with working all day in an office."

Iola Runyan, College '17-'18, graduated at the University of Iowa at the mid-year Commencement and has been visiting her sister, Erma Runyan Shaw, '12, at 7008 Merrill Avenue, Chicago. Irene Gunther Barton entertained in her honor, the guests being Ethel Eldredge Baird, Janet Tarrson Oman, Alma Fenske, and Geraldine Hegert.

Libbie Phillipson is working for her father in his office, and is reported to be taking the work so seriously that she turned down "Gunny's" invitation because she did not want to ask for time off.

Friends at the School received at holiday time the following from the pen of Marion Le Bron, College '18-'19:

GREETINGS FOR THE NEW YEAR

When skies are as black as India ink,
I hunt up a chair and sit and think
And think and think and think of you,
And soon they turn to royal blue,
And I watch the sun go sinking down

In billows as red as an evening gown.
 The New Year comes, and it brings along
 Sunsets and skies that are right and wrong,
 Selection of colors of every kind
 Of inks and of evening gowns combined;
 But never forget that I wish for you
 A year filled with skies of royal blue.

Marion E. Le Bron, College '18-'19.

Carlos Smith sends his subscription to *The Record* from Silliman Institute, Dumaguete, Philippine Islands, where for many years he has been engaged in educational work, and also that of his sister, Mrs. O. W. Brown, Ayer's Cliff, Quebec, Canada. Mr. Smith writes of his plan to return for his sister's silver wedding anniversary in 1926.

The following have paid membership dues in the Alumnae Association and *Record* subscriptions since the last issue: Ruth Cornelius, Florence Ream, Florence Francke, Mabelle Cubbon, Elizabeth Jackson, Mrs. Myrtle Stevens Bennett, Clare Wallace Seybold, Blanche Fuller, Helen Smith, and Frances Zangle. The following have renewed subscriptions to *The Record*: Mrs. Annie Lou McKenny, Grace Wong, Minnie Labahn, Mrs. J. I. Farley, Mrs. George Smith, H. May Cole, Bess Kirtley, Annie Hurley, Hope Hopkins, Florence Harper, Betty Foster, Frances Huling, Edith L. Gould, Hazel Cooper Lynch, Marjorie Waite, Celia Merrick, Vivian Kier, Viola Franzen, Betty Kneeland, Cora Scott Younie, Carlos Smith, Mrs. O. W. Brown, Minerva Patton.

The following interesting letter from Edith L. Gould, 120 East Main St., Eaton, Ohio, will interest not only those who knew her in school but all Frances Shimer girls: "Dear *Record*: Inclosed you will find one dollar for a year's subscription. I am sorry not to grant your request to send some news for the *Scattered Family*. My sister and I have lived very quietly at the old home since the death of her husband, and our mother, each quite busy in her own way. We had a Christmas greeting from Annie Benton of New Jersey, and Mrs. Alice Place McFarland of Lincoln, Nebraska, the only ones of the girls of our time we know. However I find a good deal to interest me in *The Record*. The new names are getting quite as familiar as if I knew the owners, though I could not recognize them should I rub up against them some time, some where.

I was quite interested in *The Scattered Family* item that Mrs. Helen McKay Weston was traveling in Europe. She was one of the girls in our hall with whom we had some good times. Have looked for some letters on her rambles in *The Record*.

Being interested in music and a lover of McDowell, I enjoy reading of Miss Jeanne Boyd and her high honors in the musical world. I have also come across some of her compositions and like to meditate on the fact that we have been connected with the same school though at a wide interval of years.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

It is very entertaining to read of many social activities of the "Who's Who" parties and so forth. The only parties we had any part in were when the Faculty and city folks had social functions in the parlors below and after the lights were out we in our stocking feet tiptoed to the stairs and peeped over and through the banisters at the passing about of the guests with a wild noiseless scamper to our rooms and beds when a teacher appeared in view. This performance was repeated many times during the festive hours. So you see the social events of today are quite a revelation to us.

Then comes the mysterious Nebby with his (or her) steady residence and continued popularity. I would surely know him if he should come within the range of my vision.

In reading the "Scattered Family" it comes to my thoughts that all the girls go out from F. S. S. and make good — doing things worth while in the world — and I realize the everlasting influence of its training.

I have taken quite a good deal of your time to tell you why I want to renew my subscription to the *Frances Shimer Record*. I did not receive the October number until December and was thinking it was no longer published.

With good wishes for a very prosperous year for School and Record,
Most sincerely yours, Edith L. Gould.

Elizabeth Jackson, College '22, is a junior at The University of Chicago. Among her extra curriculum activities is a class of ten-year-old foreign girls at Burnside Settlement, and membership on the Religious Meetings Committee of the Y. W. C. A. of the University.

Florence Ream, College '22, who is teaching in a rural school at Gilberts, Ill., writes that fourteen pupils in all grades except the sixth, together with "basket socials" and other community activities, make up a full, if not very difficult, program.

Ruth Chiverton, College '18, is teaching second grade in the public schools of Dixon.

Ellen Phillips Replinger has recently moved from Downer's Grove, Ill., to Minneapolis, Minn., where she is at home at 2877 Irving Avenue, South. She writes of an accidental meeting with Miss Eleanor Brown, who she was happy to find, is also living in Minneapolis and teaching in Northrup Collegiate Institute.

Laurel Gillogly '12 is teaching Latin in the East Side High School at Madison, Wisconsin.

Frances Zangle, College '22, writes, "If experience is worth anything, I shall be a millionaire after my first year of teaching. I am a long distance from home, teaching at South West City, in the Ozarks of Missouri, a quarter of a mile from Arkansas, and even closer to Oklahoma, among people who are interesting but southern, especially in their political ideas. I have classes in English, History, and Mathematics, sponsor three high school organizations, and teach music in Arkansas every Saturday."

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

The Alumnae Association lost one of its charter members in the death of Mrs. Anna Mackay Moore on February 19 at her home in Mt. Carroll. The name of Mrs. Moore appears in the Triennial Catalog of Mt. Carroll Seminary for 1862, and since that time her interest in the School has been continued.

Katherine Vincent has a position as cataloguer in the library of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio. She writes of finding special interest in handling foreign books, and interesting first editions, some printed as early as 1670.

Theo Cratty Aya '00 sends notice of a change of address from La Pine to Medford, Oregon.

Mrs. H. W. Harris (Dora Knight) and Julia Hickman '14 gave a two-piano recital in Washington in November, and were expecting to present a program of Russian music in March. Mrs. Harris writes, "Another thing that has taken a good deal of time was our Ford, Henrietta. She entered our lives, so to speak, a year ago and has been the source of much joy. She is temperamental, of course, but behaves well most of the time. In August we took a trip with her to Cape Cod where we stayed a month and explored the entire Cape from Wood's Hole to Provincetown."

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Huckins III. (Jane Miles '21) returned from Europe late in the fall and are now at home at Kemp Hotel, Wichita Falls, Texas.

Pauline Hayward Kreuter '05 sends greetings from her home in Los Angeles from where she writes, "The memory of three winters of cold and snow at Frances Shimer seems almost like a dream after eleven years in this balmy climate."

Rosabel Glass '99 recently entertained at her home in Seattle, Washington, a group of former Frances Shimer folk, including Genevieve Taylor '98, Helen Hewitt '01, Louise Burnell, College '21-'22, and Miss Baine, Faculty '96-'99.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Rush Smith (Lorena Tuttle, College '11-'12) a son, Walter Tuttle, on February 26, at Spencer, Iowa.

To Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Aya (Theo Cratty '00) a daughter, on November 22, at Portland, Oregon.

Marriages

Eleanor Currie, College '18, to Mr. Rollin Curtis Hawkes, on Saturday, January 27, 1923, at Duluth, Minnesota.

Eloise Jeffrey, College '18, to Mr. John Oliver Johnson, on Saturday, February 17, 1923, at Chesterton, Indiana.

Ruth Stellhorn, College '18, to Mr. William Machensen, on Wednesday, February 14, 1923, at Saginaw, Michigan.

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